

Here there are some 2,500 Army personnel. I counted on the ground 40 big transport planes, four-motor jobs such as we were in, with propellers spinning, arriving and departing to Europe and home. This airdrome is 5½ hours flying time from Casablanca.

Again we saw G.I.s going home all excited. They were all carrying German pistols, camera, binoculars and other loot—this war is exactly like the last war in that soldiers and sailors inevitably are souvenir-collectors.

Seated alongside us at breakfast were some Egyptian delegates—in flowing robes—returning from the San Francisco conference. There were also Chinese, Indians—a conglomeration of nationalities—all being conveyed by this most efficient Army Transport Command to and from various ports. At each one of these ports the hotel was called Hotel de Gink, the name given to airport hotels.

Take-off for France

The temperature at Santa Maria is enjoyable—semi-tropical, never too warm and never cold. After staying on the ground about an hour, we then took off for an eight hours' over-water flight to France.

We left at about 9 a.m. Sunday, our time. Incidentally, last night there was only about 3½ hours of darkness. Again we flew over a calm, beautiful sea in gorgeous sunshine, flying at 7,000 feet, our engine functioning perfectly.

A beautiful over-water hop, our first land call was Brest, France. It gave me a thrill because in 1917, as a young Naval Officer, I was making monthly troop-carrying trips to this port of debarkation.

We flew over Brest at 3:45 p.m. I could easily discern the main street, Rue de Siam. Apparently there was not a great

deal of damage, yet the airfield we were over had been completely bombed. The field looked as if it had undergone a severe case of smallpox. Two bridges were completely wrecked, one bridge looked as if it might be about half the span of our George Washington Bridge. The countryside was green and beautiful; every inch of land seems to be under cultivation and it looks as if the French peasant is going to eat.

Arrival at Paris

We arrived in Paris at 5:24 p.m. E.W.T., approximately 30 hours out of Washington, with 6 hours on the ground at scheduled stops, making our flying time 24 hours.

Deplaning at Orley Field, our Army's airdrome in Paris, we were met by Kingsbury Smith (INS Manager), Joe Willicombe, Jr., and Lieutenant Watts of the Army, our future conducting officer.

I told a friend returning home on our ship to be sure to put his blankets on the floor at the rear of the plane alongside the door, thereby enabling him to stretch out and get a good night's sleep. This I learned from a Colonel who monopolized this coveted spot coming over.

What a great sight at Orley Field! It is now 11:24 p.m. Sunday, Paris time. There must be 3,000 people sitting about the air terminal, mostly soldiers, all waiting to fly somewhere. The untiring Red Cross girls pass out coffee and the great American doughnut to the boys.

Johnnie Hanes and I stood fascinated, and never moved. The boys took care of our passports, papers and baggage, and in about half an hour we were escorted to a car and told we were being taken to our billet—the George V Hotel. Lieutenant Watts is a very efficient young man.

At the George V, two beautiful rooms awaited us in which were